

Zion's Herald.

VOLUME LXII.

BOSTON, WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 4, 1885.

NUMBER 44.

Zion's Herald.

PUBLISHED BY THE
Boston Wesleyan Association,
30 Bromfield Street, Boston.
BRADFORD K. PEIRCE, Editor.
ALONZO S. WEED, Publisher.

All stations preachers in the Methodist
Episcopal Church are authorized agents for their
locality.
Price to all ministers, \$1.50 per year. All
other subscribers, \$2.50 per year.

Specimen Copies Free.

AUTUMN.

BY REV. JAMES TRAMES.

Withered leaves are round us falling,
While the autumn breezes cold,
With a mournful voice are calling,
"See, the year is growing old!"
Gone—the year's sweet dawn of springtime,
Vernal prime and summer noon;
Pale 'ere now the flaming splendors,
Night will follow sunset soon.

Oh, how brief the passing season,
Since the spring its garlands wove;
Now the leaves are sore and scattered,
And the song dies in the grove.
All the summer's leafy glory
Fades, and sombre grows the days;
Every year repeats the story,
Thus all earthly life decays.

But, though vernal beauty passes,
Yet a glory glides the scene;
Time autumnal—crimson, golden—
Glow where robed summer's sheen.
So may I, the lesson heed,
Though the bloom of youth must fade,
Yet a golden age succeeding,
Be with beautiful grace arrayed.

When again the day is dory,
Morn again the day doth bring—
As the year grows old and hoary,
Yet renews its youth in spring—
So may I, in life's declining,
Know a mellow autumn-time;
Fair and fruitful, still be shining
Till I reach the chancel's clime.

TEMPERANCE GAINS OF THE CENTURY.

BY REV. D. DORCHESTER, D. D.

(Continued.)

II. Gains which almost all will admit
have been wrought out during the
temperance movements of the last century.

1. There has been a great im-
provement in the average drinking
customs of society, the use of intox-
icants as beverages having wholly
disappeared from large classes of per-
sons among whom they once cur-
rently prevailed.

2. Drunkenness, which, seventy-
five or one hundred years ago, was
regarded as only a slight weakness,
infirmary or pardonable irregularity,
impairing no man's position in the
best society, now almost everywhere
disqualifies from admission to good
society, from important business po-
sitions, and, very largely, from high
civil stations.

3. The traffic in alcoholic bev-
erages, once as respectable as any other
branch of trade, is now generally
branded, by good citizens, as a dis-
reputable business.

4. Fascinating portrayals of scenes
of dissipation and drunkenness,
throwing a halo of enchantment
around intemperance, which have
abounded in the literature of previous
centuries, have been rapidly disap-
pearing during the last century, and
healthier sentiments are prevailing
among literary persons.

5. The notion that alcoholic bev-
erages were absolutely needful to
health, so current seventy-five years
ago, we have now almost wholly
outgrown and discarded as abomi-
nable and monstrous.

6. Probably the relative use of al-
coholic liquors in *materia medica* has
been reduced 75 per cent. during the
past century; and while the average
physician may not yet see how to
wholly dispense with them in the
treatment of disease, nevertheless,
some of the best and most advanced
medical practitioners have already,
for years, treated their patients with-
out alcohol with pre-eminent success,
and give good grounds for hope that
the evil spirit of alcohol may be, in
due time, totally banished from medi-
cal practice.

7. Great advances have been made
in the scientific knowledge of alco-
hol and its effects.

8. The introduction, by law, of
temperance instruction into the pub-
lic schools of fourteen States is one of
the glorious achievements of the W.
C. T. U., prophetic of the most ben-
eficent and far-reaching results.

9. That confirmed drunkards may
be reformed, once supposed an impos-

sibility, has been demonstrated to be
practicable.

10. That confirmed drunkenness,
while generally a disease voluntarily
generated, is nevertheless a vice in
the individual, and a crime against
the State.

11. The establishment of asylums
for the secure keeping, medicinal
treatment, and reformation of con-
firmed drunkards, is another of the
beneficent fruits of this century of re-
form.

12. The hereditary effects of dram-
drinking, formerly little, if at all,
considered, in the light of recent in-
vestigations have been demonstrated
to be of the most appalling character,
a dire and criminal infliction, by the
drinking parent, of a merciless thrall-
dom and curse upon helpless and un-
fortunate offspring.

13. By painful experience, we have
learned that the temperance reform
depends primarily upon intelligent
moral convictions in the hearts of the
people, and that where these convic-
tions are weak, all advance move-
ments will be slow and uncertain.

14. We have also learned that,
whatever we may do by legislation,
yet moral suasion can never be sus-
pended without serious and fatal harm
to the cause.

15. The right and duty of the State
to adequately protect society against
the evils of intemperance, by enact-
ing suitable laws and faithfully en-
forcing the same, has long been gen-
erally conceded, as germane to the
prime function of government.

16. While the subject of liquor
legislation is not new in politics, but
has been recognized in some form of
restrictive enactments throughout a
thousand years of English history, and
all through the colonial era of
American history, yet it has come
into more distinctive prominence
during the last eighty years than ever
before: 1st, in the numerous string-
ent amendments of the old license
laws of the colonial era, enacted from
1810 to 1825; 2d, the casting off of
the old license system, from 1832-

1850, in many towns, counties and
in some entire States, under an es-
sentially local option method; 3d, in
the enactment of the Maine laws,
from the year 1850-1856, in more
than a dozen States; 4th, the repeal
of all those laws, except in three
States, prior to 1876; 5th, in the
adoption of civil damage provisions
in numerous States; 6th, in the
adoption, in several States, of con-
stitutional and statutory prohibition
within the last eight years; 7th, the
triumph of prohibition under local
option, in one-half of the South, and
in many other large sections in the
North; and 8th, the adoption of
temperance text-book laws in four-
teen States, requiring instruction in
regard to the relation of alcohol to
physiology and hygiene, in the public
schools.

17. We have also learned that no
liquor law, however good, complete,
or stringent, will enforce itself, but,
like other laws, must depend upon
the lively convictions and active sup-
port of the people. The Law and
Order Leagues afford a desirable
field of labor and promise to be most
effective agencies for legal enforce-
ment.

18. Political and social economy
have pronounced their uncontented
verdicts against the liquor traffic as
the most powerful promoter of indig-
ence, squalor, and unthrift in public
and social life, the cause directly or
indirectly of 75 per cent. of all the
pauperism in the land.

19. Our statistical bureaus, and
other authorities, have incontroverti-
bly demonstrated that at least 85 per
cent. of all the crime which militates
against society is traceable, directly
or indirectly, to the traffic in alcoholic
beverages.

20. Life insurance companies in
England, and to some extent in
America, have borne the most con-
vincing testimony that no financial
risk can be taken upon the life of a
drunkard; and also that even the use
of the milder intoxicants moderately
is incompatible with the best health
shortening life many years in the
general average.

21. Numerous large railroad cor-
porations, express companies, most
business firms, and many manufac-
turing establishments, now require
abstinence from their employees.

22. While the aggregate consump-

tion of alcoholic liquors, in the last
sixty years, including beer and an in-
definite quantity of fictitious liquors,
has increased with the increase of the
population, yet, judged from the
standard of pure alcohol, with liberal
allowances for the fictitious liquors of
which there are no data, the average
yearly consumption of alcohol (the
great fiend), *per capita*, has been re-
duced at least one-half.

23. To make the previous point
clearer, we add, that the yearly *per
capita* consumption of distilled spirits,
between 1820 and 1830, was from
six to seven and a half gallons; in
the last year it did not vary much from
one and one-half gallons *per capita*. The
consumption of beer is now about ten
gallons *per capita*, but the ten gal-
lons contain about as much alcohol
as one gallon of distilled liquor. The
pernicious influence of beer, as the
kindling wood of intemperance, we
would emphasize, but the cider of
sixty years ago, when there was very
little beer, an average of three barrels
to an individual in many sections,
more than balanced the beer now
drank.

24. One hundred years ago only a
few crude literary fragments existed
bearing upon the evil of intemper-
ance; but, during the century, a
vast amount of temperance literature
has been created—tracts, period-
icals, and valuable books—many of
them of a thorough scientific charac-
ter, giving sure promise of the vastly
augmented power of the press, as an
agency in this reform, in the near
future.

25. Numerous powerful temperance
organizations combining large classes
of the most intelligent and influential
persons, have been called into effec-
tive operation, where absolutely noth-
ing of the kind existed a century ago.

26. The Christian churches and the
clergy one hundred years ago, almost
wholly involved in the drinking cus-
toms of the times, and even in the
liquor traffic, are now almost entirely
delivered from such complicity, and
are more and more combining their
influence for the suppression of intem-
perance.

27. The use of fermented wine at
the Lord's Supper has been wholly
banished from many churches, and is
rapidly disappearing from others.

28. The organization of the Roman
Catholic Total Abstinence Unions,
combining so many of the distin-
guished prelates, clergy and laity of
that large religious communion, in
temperance effort, on the basis of
total abstinence, already numbering
scores of thousands of enrolled,
pledged members, and giving hope of
a wide movement of temperance re-
form among our foreign-born citizens
and their off-pring, is one of the most
encouraging gains of the century, and
our great hope of the deliverance of
our large cities from this terrible
thrall-dom.

29. Another gain is the coming forth
of so many Christian women, talented,
eloquent, deeply devoted, and full of
faith and zeal, from the quiet retreats
of society, and organizing on so mag-
nificent a scale, and so effectively,
for the carrying forward of this great re-
form. Such prayers, public addresses,
temperance schools, distribution of
temperance literature, appeals to leg-
islatures, and hand-to-hand contact
with society, by woman, in behalf of
any cause, were wholly unknown one
hundred years ago.

30. The principle of prohibition, as
a legal measure for protecting society
against the evils of the liquor traffic,
has never been judicially condemned,
but has always been vindicated and
sustained by the highest civil tribunals
of our land.

31. It is a fact that large masses of
people—a large majority in Kansas;
30,000 majority in Iowa; 46,000
majority in Maine; 323,000 voters in
Ohio; the majority in one-half of the
whole area of the South; the major-
ity in numerous local option districts
and several prohibition States in the
North; a majority of all the counties
in the British Dominion in North
America; 2,000 parishes in England;
and many districts in the far-off col-
onies of Great Britain—have already
discarded the principle and policy of
licensing the traffic in alcoholic bev-
erages, and have adopted the principle
and policy of total prohibition either
in a constitutional or statutory or a
local option form.

32. The best organized and unorga-

nized forces in modern society are palpa-
ble, and may we not hope irreversibly,
marshaling against the dram-shop, as
a nuisance, to be reprobated and
made an outlaw.

33. While we gratefully recognize
what has been gained in the past cen-
tury, and the many brightening omens
pointing to future triumphs, we be-
lieve the public, as a whole, was
never before so deeply impressed with
the magnitude of the work still on our
hands, and the necessity for the ut-
most effort of all good citizens, re-
gardless of party or sect, to carry it
forward.

34. Finally, standing, as we now do,
at the close of the first century of this
reform, and upon the threshold of the
grave responsibilities of the second
century, we rejoice to find so many
looking with hope and faith upon the
coming century as the era of our
"next great emancipation"—deliv-
erance from the curse of intemper-
ance.

III. Third class of gains, lessons of
practical wisdom taught by the past his-
tory of the reform, to guide our future
efforts.

LESSON 1.
In the light of the century, it is im-
possible to gainsay the conviction which
has settled deeply in many intelligent
minds, that the domain of moral influ-
ence must still be the chief field of labor,
and affords the main hope of success;
because, "if nobody wants to xicating
beverages, none will be sold, as such,
whatever the law may be;" and, there-
fore, the effectual remedy is to eradicate
the desire, which can be done only
through the reason and conscience.

LESSON 2.
We have learned that, primarily and
fundamentally, the temperance reform is
not a political movement, but a great
moral and social reform, which civil law
can only incidentally aid; that liquor
saloons are not the creations of license
laws, or any other civil enactments, nor
can they be entirely and permanently
uprooted by legislation; but they are
the creature of the drinking usages of
society, and every remedy is superficial
and vain that does not reach these cus-
toms.

LESSON 3.
Nevertheless, in the light of the past
century of reform, we also learn not to
underestimate stringent liquor legislation,
as subsidiary to desirable results, by
largely removing temptation from per-
sons struggling with powerful appetites,
and as an educational protest against
drinking customs; in view of which it
is the duty of all good citizens to avail
themselves of all legislative and execu-
tive advantages through the lines of
legitimate political effort.

LESSON 4.
Inasmuch as we have learned from the
past that one of the greatest shortcom-
ings of the friends of temperance has
been to rest in securing the enactment
of stringent laws, and then trust to the
laws to enforce themselves, it becomes
us to improve upon the past and unite
with all good citizens in energetic efforts
to enforce existing liquor laws, whether
by Law and Order Leagues or otherwise.

LESSON 5.
While we recognize the legitimate
lines of legislative temperance action,
nevertheless we learn that we cannot
accept legislative measures with their
unavoidable difficulties as an unmixed
good, much less as a sure reliance in the
department of reform; and, so long as
we cannot rely upon laws against high
crimes to regenerate society and deliver
it from the giant evils, murder, burglary,
etc., but must keep in active operation
all the machinery of moral and religious
reform to purify and elevate the moral
sentiments and habits of the people,
just so the friends of temperance cannot
be too deeply impressed with the fact
that whatever laws may be enacted,
whether high license or prohibitory,
still it will be necessary to carry into
every home and every heart moral, edu-
cational and religious forces, adequate
to establish them in habits of sobriety.
Human laws enforced afford outward
assistance, and should be employed in
their most effective forms; but the chief
work is with the heart of the individual.

LESSON 6.
The observation and experience of the
past century point unmistakably and
with increasing force to the instruction of
the young, in Sunday-schools, in the home,
and especially in the public schools, un-
der provision of law, in regard to the
nature and effects of alcohol upon the
individual and upon society, as one of
the most hopeful methods in which law
may work with moral suasion in deliv-
ering the advancing generation from the
"curse of intemperance."

LESSON 7.
We have also learned, that whatever
organizations we may have, whatever
legislation, whatever day-school instruc-
tion, whatever moral suasion, whatever
combinations of human power, never-
theless, with all these things, the Church
of God and the blessing of God are the
supreme potential agents of all true
reform.

A FASHIONABLE BULL-FIGHT IN MEXICO.

BY FANNIE E. WARD.

(Continued.)

When equipped for the fray, the fight-
ers are dressed in all the colors of the
rainbow. They wear sky-blue, helio-
tropic or yellow satin jackets, reaching
midway between arm-pits and waist-
bands, over baggy and much beruffled
blouses of white linen; satin knee-
breeches of brilliant hues, white silk
hose, and a thousand little bells and
bells dangling all over them—fringing
their doublets, and running up the sides
of sleeves and breeches. Each carries
a voluminous cloak of scarlet silk, which
he alternately flirts at the bull, trails in
the dirt, and wraps himself up in—Roman
toga style, a la crushed tragedian.

The central space in the plaza de toros
is surrounded and separated from the
seats by a very high board fence, so ar-
ranged that the gallant fighter can skip
over it in a twinkling if hard pressed by
the bull; and he never fails to make
liberal use of his opportunities for self-
protection. All around the inside of
this wall a second fence is built at inter-
vals, leaving spaces between not wide
enough to admit the bull, but behind
which the man can dodge and show his
contempt for danger.

When the toro is first driven into the
arena, he is dazed and bewildered by the
deafening clamor and the sight of so
many people, and runs around to new
and noisy prison in which he unexpect-
edly finds himself, lashing his tail and
pawing the ground, after the manner of
his kind. Then the matadors flourish
their fiery cloaks in his face and prick
him with spears, till he bellows with
rage and terror. When the crowd tire
of this mild amusement and begin to
clamor for gore (as a Mexican crowd
speedily does), all the fighters together
—several on foot and two or three on
horseback—assail the unhappy crea-
ture in concert. They chase him and wre-
ath him, thrust into his flesh iron hooks,
and with festoons, garlands and huge
bouquets of paper flowers are attached,
and punch him again and again with
spears till he is literally dripping with
blood. The poor animal runs round and
round the arena, seeking some avenue of
escape and finding none, occasionally
looking up with piteous eyes at the
cheering, hooting, frenzied mob above,
in whose faces he sees never one sign of
compassion. At rare intervals, when
driven to the wall and wild with agony,
a bull forgets his sore horns and makes
a despairing dash at one of his torment-
ors, who slips like an eel over the fence
or behind the safe inner covert.

The mounted fighters previously cover
the eyes of their horses with leather
"blinders," else these animals—with
more feelings of humanity than their
masters—would refuse to charge upon
the victim. If anything besides the bull
is ever hurt, it is these innocent horses.
Old and broken-down equines are usu-
ally devoted to this purpose, the habit of
obedience which has served their mas-
ters so faithfully for many years now
bringing them to a painful death. In
most cases the cowardly rider, with his
spears pressed firmly against the bull's
sides, urges his blinded beast directly
upon the horns of the toro, which—
furious with pain and terror—lifts the
horse high in air, completely disem-
belling him; while the man, assisted by
his spear, leaps nimbly to the ground
amid admiring yells, and the poor
horse, dragging his intestines after him,
staggers a few steps and falls dead in a
pool of blood.

When the bull is at last exhausted and
blood begins to flow from his nostrils,
he is lassoed with a rope, thrown upon
the ground, and the hooks and spikes
pulled out of his flesh; then he is either
dragged out, more dead than alive, to
be resuscitated for another day's sport,
or is stabbed in the presence of the
spectators. Frequently a skilled matador
will kill a rampant toro when in
full gallop around the arena; the same
of professional excellence being attained
when he can do it, under these disad-
vantages, by a single thrust with a lasso,
rather straight through the lungs,
which causes the bull to drop on the in-
stant, without shedding an atom of
blood. If the operation is not success-
fully performed and the wounded animal
writhes in agony, his torture is ended
by the pleader, who thrusts a dagger
between his horns.

Generally five or six toros are thus
tormented during an afternoon, two or
three of them being killed and as many
horses sacrificed; but seldom, indeed,
do we have the pleasure of hearing that
a fighter has received any injury. When
the crowning act of the tragedy is ac-
complished in the death of the bull, the
populace stand upon their feet and howl
themselves hoarse with intensity of en-
joyment. The gusto with which "gen-
tlewomen," and even little children,
gaze upon the disgusting scene, is not
only astonishing, but has in it an ele-
ment of the pathetic as proving how
little above brute-nature are human in-
stincts after all. The regular Sunday
bull-fight is not the best school for boys,
and is especially bad for the Mexican
gamin who patronize it in full force, for
their natural cruelty and bloodthirsti-
ness need no such hot-bed fostering.

Bull-fighting is not only protected by
law, but is rigorously regulated by the
same iron hand, as is everything else in
Mexico pertaining to the lower classes.
A detachment of soldiers is always in
attendance during each performance,
armed to the teeth with swords, mus-
kets and other munitions of warfare.
These uniformed guardians of the peace
occupy the best seats in the amphithe-
atre, prepared to fire indiscriminately
into the crowd should any disturbance
arise. These volatile and hot-headed
people are prone to mischief at any mo-
ment, and much more so when frenzied
at sight of blood. As may be imagined,
the plaza de toros is not the safest place
imaginable for a foreigner to be found
in, though travelers in Mexico must
certainly see a bull-fight before they
can be said to have "done" the country.
Ladies not "to the manner born" are
sure to cover their faces at first, and to
indulge in little screams and expressions
of horror; but the prevailing excitement
is an infectious fever, and soon the gen-
tlest of her sex is seen with flushed
cheeks and sparkling eyes, clapping her
hands and waving her handkerchief
wildly as any native—another proof of
the "total depravity" of the human
species, and that we have not evolved
far beyond the monkey stage.

The other day "A Grand Family Bul-
fight"—as the posters announced—was
attempted in the neighboring city of
Monterrey. But it happened that the
toros were unusually spiritless (having
been starved till scarcely able to stand),
and they utterly refused to make any
fight at all. Being thus disappointed in
their thirst for gore, the enraged audi-
ence demanded redress, which the gov-
ernment was not slow to grant. The
keeper of the plaza de toros was heavily
fined and marched off to prison, and all
his gate-money (amounting to about
\$1,500) was given to the city treasury.
Saltillo, Mexico.

MEXICO.

On the third day three more essays
were presented. Mr. Bassett, of Hart-
ford, read a thoughtful paper on "Mis-
sionary Work in South America." This
was an article that would do credit to
any distinguished Review because of its
breadth and research. Bishop William
Taylor's work was spoken of with com-
mendation. Mr. George P. Eckman, of
Drew Seminary, had as his theme,
"Missionary Work among the Jews."
This difficult subject was treated with
unusual care. Information on this topic
is exceedingly meagre, largely for the
reason that the work is scattering and
unorganized, and to a great extent un-
satisfactory. Notwithstanding all this,
Mr. Eckman presented an array of
figures more encouraging than the most
dour figures of speech, showing that
our Lord's own countrymen are seeing
in Him their Messiah. The great work
of Dr. Delitzsch in translating the New
Testament into elegant and Scriptural
Hebrew has been the means of forward-
ing the sacred cause very considerably.
Rabbinowitz, the Jewish Christian in
Russia, who has done much work among
his own people, was converted while
standing on Mt. Olivet. This fact gave
Mr. Eckman the opportunity for an elo-
quent peroration in which, with the
spirit of a prophet, he proclaimed the
day not far distant when Israel shall
see the light of life, and recognize with
Peter the lowly Nazarene as "My Lord
and my God." To give emphasis to all,
Mr. Nichols, of Chicago, spoke of "The
Personal Call to Mission Work."

Saturday evening Right Reverend
Bishop A. C. Cox, of Western New
York, addressed the convention on the
theme: "The Sacred Ministry Non-Pro-
fessional." The ruling idea of the Bis-
hop's address was, that the ministry is a
calling, not a profession. The most sig-
nificant point was his unqualified con-
demnation of votes to poverty and celibacy
on the part of Christian ministers. In
view of recent occurrences within the
pale of his own communion, these re-
marks had much significance.

Sunday was a great day in the city.
The largest Presbyterian Church was
thronged to hear Dr. Barbour, of Yale,
in the morning. In the afternoon a con-
secration meeting was held. At this
time the tide of spiritual interest reached
its height. A remarkable solemnity per-
vaded the whole assembly as several
young men spoke of their recently-made
determination to give themselves to the
foreign field. In the evening Rev. Dr.
McPherson spoke of the "Common
Aim of Ministers and Missionaries."

This address showed the identity of
spirit that characterizes ministers at
home and missionaries in the field.

Rev. Dr. Shaw, who for forty-six
years has been pastor of the Brick Pres-
byterian Church of Rochester, said,
Sunday evening, that, among other
beneficial results of the Alliance, the city
had witnessed its most powerful mis-
sionary convention. Aside from the
good results coming to Rochester alone,
there were others of inestimable value—
"for who can calculate the influence of
God's Spirit on the minds of young men,
teachable and obedient? About fifteen
students spoke of their determination to
devote themselves to foreign work as
having been reached during the sessions
of the Alliance. Nearly an equal num-
ber, also, gave their lives to frontier
mission work. Thirteen young men,
students of Andover, were reported as
having recently decided to go to north-
ern Japan. The whole atmosphere was
missionary, and in that clear region only
the best Christianity is nurtured."

The delegates were fortunate in visit-
ing so beautiful a city as Rochester. Its
University gave a welcome; its Over-
sighters threw open its doors; while Mr.
Powers extended the privilege of visit-
ing his magnificent art gallery. This
collection of paintings is said to be the
finest on the continent, private or public.
To describe it would require the skill of
a connoisseur and the space of an art
journal.

Too much can hardly be said in praise
of the people of Rochester for their
kindness and free hospitality. Those
who were so fortunate as to make any
extended acquaintance among them,
found in their society a warm welcome
and pleasant companionship. Every-
thing conspired to make the convention
a success. Its deliberations are now
closed, and on them all Christians will
improve Heaven's richest blessing and
fullest sanction.

NORMAN.

Needs of the Centenary Biblical In-
stitute.

The current expenses of the Centenary Bi-
blical Institute, of Baltimore, Md., are about
\$7,500 a year. About \$4,000 are received
from the Baltimore, Wilmington, Washington
and Delaware Conferences. The sum of
\$3,500 must be raised by individual dona-
tions, which is very hard as well as unpleasant
work. In order to relieve this present em-
barassment, the trustees are trying to raise an
endowment fund of \$100,000. \$26,500 have
been raised and subscribed. We also need
books for a general library, and another
building for dormitories, which will cost \$25,
000 or \$30,000.

I have been authorized to travel North and
East to solicit funds for the endowment and
current expenses. I shall be glad to see our
good friends in their homes and places of
business, and receive any aid they may be
willing to give; also, I will lecture or preach
in any of the churches that will give me an in-
vitation, and in that way will be able to set
forth, more clearly, the condition and needs of
our people in the South. We had 237 persons
receiving instruction last year, and have al-
ready had more applicants this year than we
can accommodate.

Porter & Coates, Philadelphia, issue a new and beautifully-published edition of TEN NIGHTS IN A BAR ROOM, by the late T. S. Arthur. This is the best one of his excellent temperance volumes, and his last work upon earth was the revision of it for this new edition. It is a natural story, every incident paralleled by a thousand actual cases, illustrating in a very impressive way the inevitable wretchedness and ruin attending both upon liquor-selling and drinking. This edition is printed on fine paper, and illustrated.

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ENTERED AT THE POST-OFFICE, BOSTON, MASS., AS SECOND CLASS MATTER.

Zion's Herald.

WEDNESDAY, NOV. 4, 1885.

\$1,000,000

FOR MISSIONS

FOR THE YEAR 1885.

Why is it that men doubt the willingness of God to grant them pardon and grace? "As I live, saith the Lord, I have no pleasure in the death of him that dieth." And Christ said, "If ye, being evil, know how to give good gifts unto your children, how much more shall your Father which is in heaven give good things to them that ask him?" Surely, "the evil heart of unbelief" must be both strong and perverse in this divine assurance, taken in conjunction with the central fact of the Gospel, that "by the grace of God Jesus Christ tasted death for every man," can dare to doubt, not the willingness merely, but the infinite desire of God to save him. Away then, O doubting soul, with thy fears! They hurt thee; they dishonor God. If thou really desirest mercy, it is thine for the asking, for

"God wisheth none should wreck on a strange shelf,
To him man is dearer than to himself."

An ungodly man who is afflicted with a mortal disease is like a condemned criminal who carries a copy of his death-warrant in his pocket, not knowing at what hour he may be summoned to meet his doom. To him the death angel is a grim and dreaded executioner. But to the "man in Christ" death is not a King of Terrors, but heaven's smiling messenger to conduct him to the audience-chamber of his beloved Lord. Dr. Donne gives fine expression to a Christian's thought of death in these lines:—

"Think then, my soul, that Death is but a groom
Which brings a taper to the outward room,
Whence thou shalt first a glimmering light;
And after brings it nearer to thy sight;
For such approaches doth heaven make in death."

PASTOR VERSUS EVANGELIST.

We referred, a few weeks since, to the secret of the success of the great international evangelist. One of our ablest preachers, properly sensitive to any, even indirect, reflection upon the divinely-appointed office of the pastor, fears that this commendation of an extraordinary and occasional ministry has a tendency to depreciate the work of the regular incumbent of the pulpit in the minds of the people.

This certainly was not the intention of the editorial referred to. Indeed, it distinctly affirmed that the special power of the evangelist depended largely upon the limited time devoted to any locality, and that, if his work were continued for any extended term, its peculiar attractive power over the movable crowd would be diminished. We are glad of the occasion, however, made by the above suggestion, to renew the discussion upon this important subject.

The work of the evangelist is a narrow one, limited both in time and character. He exercises but little more than one function of the pastor—the awakening of religious conviction in the community. This work is necessarily accomplished amid unwonted excitement and often high emotion. It is very difficult to form any just judgment as to the amount of substantial good accomplished. It rarely occurs that the promise under such circumstances is not far in advance of the actual harvest. This

arises out of the fact that a peculiar class of the community generally forms a considerable portion of the subjects of such sudden movements; that they have been heretofore largely uneducated, and that they yield to the opportunities and offers of the hour without much weighing of the cost, or apprehension of what is involved in the new consecration that is to be made of affection and life. We often find, in seasons of interest in the churches under the ordinary agencies, that many converts require constant inspiration and instruction; that they have to be led almost every step by the hand; and with all our care many are turned aside to the world after a short period. Much more of this weakness and falling away must be expected in the instance of those who are suddenly moved by a great pervading impulse and are led by a strange hand to the Cross, and then left with kind and instructive words to start out on the narrow and temptation-beset way of life. This accounts for the very painful sifting which almost always follows these extraordinary movements, even where the faithful co-operation of the devoted pastor is not lacking. Sustained in the earliest hours of penitence and trust by the overwhelming wave of religious enthusiasm around them, when this tide recedes, it seems to sweep back with it not only the deep emotion of the hour, but the solemn pledges that have been made, also. Nevertheless, a flood of rain is better than drought, although there is always more or less desolation in its path; an eccentric life is a thousand-fold better than apathy and spiritual death. The wise pastor can always save something out of the spiritual tornado, and turn the uplift which the church receives to good results.

But how much broader and more permanent is the work of the divinely-commissioned pastor! His incidental relations to the community are of signal value. A church could very well preserve its life and moral power in a community without the evangelist, but it cannot without the pastor. Some of our sister churches, in their lack of a connectional system, leave local churches without a pastor sometimes for years, and it is the rarest of exceptions, even though able ministers supply the pulpit, that the church does not lose moral power in this period of an interrupted pastorate. We have known churches among us to secure simply an attractive supply for the pulpit, and attempt to live without pastoral attention, and in every instance of this kind that has come under our notice, the church has suffered so seriously that the cry has gone up for a resident and experienced pastor even if his pulpit abilities were not of the highest order. The educating and training power of the intelligent pastor cannot be overrated. He does more for the intellectual elevation of the community than the schoolmaster, not merely in the pulpit, although this is the throne of his power, but in his social services, in the arranging of Christian instruction and labor, in throwing his influence into all the wholesome movements of the hour for the improvement and intellectual development of the community, and in his private intercourse with the families that he visits, inspiring the young people in their studies, impressing upon parents the importance of bestowing the most liberal training upon their sons and daughters, and quietly, but constantly and kindly, winning all to a hearty and unqualified allegiance to the great Master and obedience to His required service. What a loss to any community, not to be compensated by any occasional ministerial service, however able, would the absence of such a pastor prove to be!

It is a source of unpeppable grief to any faithful pastor to see the multitudes around his church, worldly, careless and wicked, moving through their probation unsaved. It will be his study to reach them in companies, or individually, by any providential method that can be devised. He will seek to organize his church members, young and old, so that they will become efficient missionaries in this important home field. He will endeavor to secure the special co-operation of the spiritual members of his flock in earnest prayers for divine direction and for the presence and powerful agency of the Holy Spirit. But the earnest and godly pastor need not despair if the largest fulfillment of his expectations is not at once realized. The seed he is sowing is watched by Heavenly Eyes. These constant, although limited, accessions are permanent, and are becoming the effective centres of other and wider movements. "He that goeth forth and weepeth, bearing precious seed, shall doubtless come again with rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him."

Bishop S. M. Merrill and Bishop W. F. Mallahan delivered the addresses at the annual opening day at Drew Seminary, Nov. 4.

DOES THE PONTIFF RULE THE WORLD?

To this question the recent grand convocation of the Catholics of Germany, in the German Rome, at Münster, says: "Yes!" But we submit that the wish is father to the thought. If Münster, with all its pomp and circumstance of war, in the various representatives of all Catholic organizations there assembled, were the world, then perhaps we, too, might say "Yes."

But the man who threw down the gauntlet in this Bombastes Furioso style, was the next day appealing to the really governing Powers to restore to this same Pontiff the power taken from him by the State in which he lives, and where he aspires to rule—for we may well ask where he in reality rules at all. Is it in his own palace of the Vatican, where he designates himself as a "prisoner?" Is it in the city of Rome, where he declares that he dare not appear in the streets? Is it in Italy, where he was recently dethroned of his temporal power? Is it in Russia, where his bishops are placed under the surveillance of the police? Or is it, perhaps, in England, where they dare not visibly restore diplomatic relations with the Holy See? Or in France, where, in the recent elections, the questions of abolishing the Concordat and cutting off the pecuniary aid of the State to religious institutions were most prominent? Can it be in Germany, where the Kulturkampf has been so obstinately fought, and where the Order of the Jesuits has been expelled? Or in Austria, where a Catholic emperor is hardly willing to acknowledge the ruler of the Vatican to be also a ruler on the banks of the Danube?

The immense assumption of this assertion will be intelligible when we recollect that the Papacy has gradually grown in its demands from being simply the successor of St. Peter to that of king of kings and lord of lords, and that this fanaticism has increased in proportion as circumstances have plainly proved the contrary. And now, when the hand of history has placed the fatal handwriting on the wall, the Romish Church seems most inclined to indulge in a pomp and display which leave the world in doubt as to the direction towards which the bark of the church will be steered.

But as an answer to these questions, the Vatican will reply that it is to rule the world in a spiritual sense; not with worldly and carnal weapons, but with the sword of the Spirit. History, however, tells us that the church has only battled with these spiritual weapons when worldly ones have failed, and that she has ever been ready when she could to use the Inquisition with the stake, and persecutions of every kind where she has found a temporal rule willing to allow it. It is no exaggeration to say that in the establishment and support of the temporal rule of the Romish Church, blood has flowed as water at the hands of those whose words are often those of love and gentleness.

The orators of the great convocation did not mean this when they declared that the Pope rules the world, but rather that the fate of nations is controlled by the spiritual power of the Catholic Church. This, however, is at present a very doubtful postulate to lay down, and has been so, indeed, since the days of the Reformation, when this "alone-saving" church was shown of much of its power by the spiritual javelins of Luther and Calvin.

We are, however, far from ignoring the significance of the Papacy as a religious factor, and its influence on the destinies of the world. But the question is, whether the means with which the Pope and his adherents seek to govern the world are the proper ones, or whether he comprehends his government of the world in the sense of Christ, and therefore has the prospect of a lasting jurisdiction. When the Apostle Peter, the pretended predecessor of Leo XIII., was also a prisoner, not in the Vatican, but in the prison at Jerusalem, we do not read that he sent a circular to other powers; and we are also not told that the brethren held a convention in which they protested against this proceeding, but rather, as St. Luke relates, his followers prayed for him incessantly.

Neither papal diplomacy, nor mere learning in spiritual things, affords the power with which the church can shape the destinies of the world; it is rather earnest entreaty with God and men to let the laws of God rule in temporal as well as spiritual things. The rule of the world is guided by no church organization, but lies rather in the hands of God, and He exercises this rule while listening to the voice of the Saviour of men who hears and answers the prayers of His faithful children on earth. It was the prayers of the first apostolic churches that began to

move heaven and earth; and these while the earth lasts will continue to be more effective than any that may rise from the chair of St. Peter's while occupied by the powers that now control it. Therefore we continue to have more confidence in the one God and the Saviour of men than in all the series of men, good or bad, that have occupied the famous seat in the Vatican, the pompous words of all those gathered together in the great Catholic Council to the contrary notwithstanding.

EDITORIAL COMMENT.

The community was startled on Thursday afternoon by the announcement of the sudden death, from neuralgia of the heart, of General George B. McClellan. His previous sickness was slight, and not considered alarming until the last moment. It is a singular fact, in connection with the cause of the affection of which General Grant died, that the attending physician should attribute the liability to heart affection on the part of General McClellan to his habit of smoking. These lessons are certainly becoming impressive. The General was a little younger than the departed chief, but only 59. General McClellan secured a brilliant reputation at West Point, and was probably the best military scholar in the country. His published reports are authorities. He signalled himself during the Mexican war and secured rapid advancement. We well recollect when he was appointed to the head of the Army of the Potomac. His unfeigned modesty, his prayerful trust in God, with his appeal to the Christian people of the land, awakened the most cordial interest in his behalf throughout the country. He created an army out of good, but utterly untrained, material, but he exhausted the patience of the nation in the delay which this occasioned. He won the confidence and devotion of his soldiers as no other general did, but he lacked dash and audacity. He could write stirring bulletins like Napoleon, but he failed to secure possible results in his too great caution, and exposed himself to great defeat by Antietam. He has lived retired from public life—save as Governor of New Jersey for one term—since the war. He was an estimable man, greatly beloved in his circle of friends, a sincere Christian believer and officer in the Presbyterian Church, and without doubt ready and undisturbed by the abrupt summons to the higher, immortal life.

Dr. Long, of Constantinople, gave an amusing illustration of the growing interest and unrest among the anti-Mohammedan peoples in the countries formerly forming a portion of the Turkish empire, in his address at the Preachers' Meeting. A Bulgarian gentleman had been seized by a Turkish brigand in the Balkan Mountains and thrown upon the ground with his head overhanging a precipice. The heartless villain drew his knife, while he held his victim under his foot, and began to whet it, as one might who was about to butcher a beast. The Bulgarian employed the shortest and most direct method for his escape. He begged the villain to let him go, and said, "I am a Christian, and I will give you my life for yours." The villain, who was a Turk, was evidently somewhat moved by his earnest pleadings. Finally the "unspeakable" Turk bit his helpless prisoner a rough kick, and said, "Go! I give you your life for the sake of my friend, who is too chicken-hearted to see you killed." "Well," said Dr. Long to the gentleman, as the thrilling incident was told, "are you willing to tell me what your thoughts were as you were lying under the foot of the fiend, with your head over a precipice, and saw him sharpening his knife?" "I fear," was the answer, "you will think me to be a reckless person to have been thinking what was really in my mind at the time, in such desperate peril as I was, and in the expectation of momentary and terrible death; but, strange as it may seem, I was thinking at that moment what a misfortune it was to be hurried out of the world without knowing how the Eastern Question would be settled!"

The Christian men of Philadelphia are congratulating themselves upon the success of the effort to punish and put a stop to the exhibition of immoral theatre bills. A suit was brought against Mr. W. G. Gilmore for exhibiting indecent show bills upon the front of his theatre. After an able argument by the district attorney and a vigorous effort to break its force by the counsel for the defendant, the jury, in a session of three-quarters of an hour, reached a verdict of guilty. Mr. Gilmore promised that he would expose no more objectionable pictures in the future, which Judge Biddle accepted in mitigation of sentence, and he was fined \$100. There have been occasions for such a suit in our city, and if they occur again, we trust the experiment of New England justice will be tried.

Bishop Taylor writes, in a note published in the *California Christian Advocate*, dated July 2, from Pungo Andongo, which he had reached with Rev. Mr. Willis, after a walk of thirty-six miles, that he had arranged a self-supporting school there, and was about to move on forty-two miles farther inland, to arrange for Rev. Mr. Willis, who was with him. Samuel Mead, with their families. He says:—

"We shall soon have stations arranged for all our party. Their transit from the coast to their fields of labor is a difficult task, owing to the scarcity of carriers. But our God will help us through this. He has thus far on our difficult mission work. Most of our people are unfeeling in their missionary purposes and zeal, and we shall have a grand success."

D. C. Heath & Co. issue in a leaflet what purports to be the "11th lost chapter of the Acts of the Apostles," recounting the incidents of Paul's traditional visit to Spain and Britain. It is said to have been translated by Sonniat, author of a volume of travels in Greece and Turkey, from a Greek manuscript found in the archives at Constantinople, and presented to him by Sultan Achmet. This volume was published in 1801, and the translation was interlined in a copy that came into the hands of Sir John Newport, chancellor of the exchequer. That it should have remained hidden so long, in view of its remarkable character, is a strong presumption against its authenticity, while the reading of it would satisfy any one of its apocryphal origin. Certainly Dr. Luke—the beloved physician—was no longer his amanuensis. Paul and his fellow-laborers reached a Mount Pontine Pilate, in Helvetia, so it is stated, where the Roman governor who condemned Christ was said to have cast himself down a precipice; a stream of water at once gushing forth and sweeping his body, broken into pieces, into a lake. When Paul came here, says this astonishing chapter, at his word, and in testimony that Pilate found his fate here, a great earthquake occurred, and the face of the waters was made to assume the appearance of the Son of Man hanging in agony upon the cross! All of which reads very much like some of the recorded Roman Catholic miracles, but in no wise like the incidents found in the canonical Acts of the Apostles.

The theological students of Boston University have been generally invited to attend Dr. J. P. Newman's lecture, at People's Church, next Friday evening.

Personal and Miscellaneous.

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Dr. G. Draper writes: "Please correct mistake in name of the authors of a book, in my last letter. It is Lutton, not Sutton—Anne Lutton. My 'L' was unfortunately written, perhaps, I expect to remain in London through the winter, passing just now a few weeks in Edinburgh, a city that has ever-increasing charms."

The next New England Conference will be held in Newburyport, April 15, 1886. Bishop Henry W. Warren will be the presiding officer. It is the first time Bishop Warren has been the chairman of the Conference, of which he was for years an honored member. His presence will be heartily welcomed by his brethren.

The National Temperance Society has just issued a new catechism, by Miss Julia Colman, on "Beer." It is of the same style as her "Catechism on Alcohol and Tobacco," and "Primary Temperance Catechism," and with them should be taught in public schools, Boards of Hope, Sabbath-schools, and all juvenile temperance societies.

The trustees of the Old South Meeting-house, in a neat form, the "Old South Leaflets," 3d series. They are intended to illustrate the courses of historical lectures which are delivered in the meeting house during the season for the benefit of the young people of the city and vicinity. They consist of selections in prose and poetry upon topics connected with early Massachusetts history, and they make a very entertaining little manual. They are sold, in flexible covers, at the Old South Meeting-house, for 50 cents.

Biglow & Main of New York issue a Service of Scripture and Song, by Rev. Robert Lowry, for the coming Christmas festival, and a collection of fresh carols. John H. Hood, also, of Philadelphia, publishes a "Christmas Cantata," by John R. Sweney, Mus. Doc., with a collection of carols by the same author and Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

The Episcopal Church Association in this city gave a reception to Archbishop Farrar at the Brunswick Hotel, on Friday afternoon, Nov. 6. Leading clergymen of the different denominations and other gentlemen have been invited to meet him. The Archbishop's lecture will be given this week on Wednesday and Thursday evenings, at Tremont Temple. His subjects are "Dante" and "Robert Browning."

We have read with interest a tract prepared by Prof. E. E. Kelsey, entitled "A Thorough Musical Education," in which he sets forth very clearly the office of a course of study in music in intellectual development, giving a full analysis of the progressive steps, with excellent practical suggestions. Prof. Kelsey gives lessons in such a course by correspondence, as well as at his rooms, Hamlet St., Somerville, Mass.

In the School of Theology of Boston University an advanced class of eight are reading in German, with Prof. M. J. Cramer, "Luther's Christliche Betrachtungen," as edited by Dr. William Nitz. This is the largest class the school has had in the reading of German theology since President Warren resigned the work twelve or thirteen years ago.

The representative of the United Sunday-schools of New Hampshire held a convention in Franklin, Nov. 10-12. Rev. O. S. Bakel is president of the Association the present year. A full programme of exercises, devotional and instructive, has been prepared. Home talent and lecturers from abroad have been secured, and the gathering promises to be of great practical service to Bible teachers. The railroads offer special fares to the convention.

The Wesleyan Academy, Wilbraham, sends out very handsome catalogue, with steel engravings of her fine suite of buildings, and an outline map showing that the site of the Academy is the centre of travel from all points of the compass. Last year 393 students were present during the terms—254 in the winter session. The venerable but vigorous institution is now enjoying great prosperity every way. Its numbers are large, its faculty able, and its finances, under the judicious and persistent labors of Dr. Crowell, are being placed upon a substantial basis. It is one of our most useful and popular schools of learning, and never was doing better service for the church and country.

There is now in press, at the establishment of L. Prang & Co., a large Souvenir Tableau of General Grant by Mr. T. de Thulstrup, whose battle pictures in the war articles of the *Century Magazine* were so much admired by old veterans for their lifelike truthfulness. The work shows in the centre a portrait of General Grant as he was known to his army in 1865, surrounded by vigorous representations of his military career from West Point to Appomattox. Messrs. Prang have also in contemplation the publication of a series of war pictures by the same artist.

The *Methodist Pulpit and Pen*, published by Fort Wayne, Ind., is issued by a company of Methodist publishers and editors; the latest number going to the centenary of the Conference. Three numbers have been issued. The October publication has a fine collection of homiletics, educational, prohibitory and commemorative papers, and altogether it is an instructive and practical periodical, interesting to ministers and laymen. \$1 per annum.

The *Missionary Review* for November and December gives a notice of the independent foreign missions, like Bishop Taylor's, Mr. Ward's Mission in India, the Brazil Christian Mission, Miss Whately's Mission in Egypt, etc., and quite a full survey of the work of the various foreign mission societies—twenty-six of them—with the women's boards, interesting field notes, and a great variety of missionary miscellany. Rev. G. Wilder, publisher, Princeton, N. J. \$1.50 a year.

In our paper next week a full and interesting account will be given of the very happy musical arrangement, so long and greatly to be desired, between the Broadway and Dorchester St. Methodist churches, South Boston. They are almost without speaking distance of each other, and have common interests. Now, with wonderful unanimity, the two churches unite and make one of our largest and most efficient bodies, and enter upon a new era out of this, with the marked promise of great spiritual activity and blessed fruit.

of his character. The admission is 50 cents. The People's Church receives the benefit of the lecture. A good service will be rendered to a deserving cause, and a good lecture will be enjoyed for a small sum.

Rev. Lyander Dickerman, of Boston Highlands, who has spent much time in studying Egypt in her present condition, and her marvelous story and antiquities, has three lectures—"A Trip on the Nile in the Time of Moses," "A Working Man in Egypt Three Thousand Years Ago," and "The Religion of Ancient Egypt"—which he is ready to deliver as his services may be sought. These lectures are of a high order, happily presented, and will be listened to with pleasure by intelligent audiences.

The statements of the Rhode Island correspondent in our issue two weeks since, in reference to Matthew St. Church, are said to be based upon an entire misapprehension of the facts. The members of this vigorous and important church were an enviable body, feel aggrieved at the tone and intimations of the writer in reference to it. We are sorry that such a statement should have been made; the writer's distance from Providence may account for it.

We received through the mail, without any postmark, a card bearing upon one side an excellent portrait of the venerable Rev. Joseph Marsh, with the date of his birth, four years before the present century came in (1796), and on the other side a vigorous temperance hymn of which he is author. The hymn commences,—

"Ye wretched men who deal in rum:
The many souls ye have undone
None on earth can know
Widows and orphans are sad and worn,
And sometimes ask why they were born
To such a life of woe."

It makes a very pleasing memento of a noble and fruitful life, still lingering with us, and still consecrated in its falling powers to the Master's service.

The *Manual of the Methodist Episcopal Church* for October opens with an animating appeal for the million contribution to missions the present year, with very encouraging intimations as to the progress of the work. The Sunday-school and Tract Societies give incidents showing the good work they are accomplishing. The Church Extension Society is busy in its great field, and Dr. Kicker shows how wide and hopeful was the response of the churches to the educational interests and funds on Children's Day. The *Manual* ought to be in the hands of every member of the church.

The *Sanitarium* for October has an able essay by Dr. A. N. Bell, A. M., upon the question, "How Cholera and Small-Pox are Spread, and the Fallacies of the Means Ordinarily Used for their Prevention." Dr. Geo. M. Sternberg, U. S. A., writes upon "The Immunity Acquired from Infectious Diseases." There is an instructive paper upon "Pleurisy-Pneumonia in New Jersey;" upon "The Effect of Over-shading;" upon "The Progress of Medicine in New York;" and upon "The Normal Standard of Physiology," with many suggestive short articles and a valuable editor's table. 113 Fulton St., New York.

We heartily congratulate our neighbors, the editors and publishers of the *Journal of Education*, the *American Teacher* and *Education*, in the elegant new rooms which they have secured on Somerset St., nearly opposite Jacob Sleeper Hall, in the evidence which this gives of increasing prosperity, and in the growing excellence as well as patronage of these educational periodicals—easily at the head of their class in the country.

At a Preachers' Meeting in Philadelphia, says an exchange, Dr. H. A. Cleveland read an essay on "The Sources of Wendell Phillips' Oratory." It was a masterly production, finely written and well delivered, giving a truthful and an exhaustive portrait of Mr. Phillips as a man, a scholar, a philanthropist and an orator. Mr. Cleveland referred in pathetic and appreciative terms to Mr. Phillips' self-sacrificing devotion to his wife—for many years an invalid, but a woman in every way worthy of the homage she received from her large-souled husband. On motion of Dr. A. J. Kynett, at the close of the address, recommended by Rev. Wm. L. Gray, the meeting unanimously adopted the following resolution: "That we commend the paper just read by Rev. Dr. Cleveland, on 'The Sources of Wendell Phillips' Oratory,' for public delivery and publication."

The annual convention of the Iowa W. C. T. U., held at Iowa City, after a very protracted and earnest debate, passed by a very large majority the following resolution as a compromise for a more emphatic opposition to the third party movement:—

"While, as an organization, we will not affiliate with any political party, we recommend to the State Union and its auxiliaries that they continue to co-operate with men in political action, to secure such measures as shall advance our temperance work."

After another very vigorous and able debate, on the motion of Mrs. Porter, the following additional resolution was passed by a vote of 87 to 30:—

"We desire here to record our unflinching loyalty to the National Woman's Christian Temperance Union in all its established departments of work; but we believe it was a grave mistake for the N. W. C. T. U. to take the position at the St. Louis convention, that will exercise the liberty given in that resolution and will not be bound by it."

The resignation of Dr. Noah Porter, the veteran president of Yale College, took the community (outside, certainly, of New Haven) by surprise. Dr. Porter has been at the head of Yale College for fourteen years, and seemed to be still in the vigor of a masculine intellect. We have heard, however, intimations that his heavy labors have been making serious inroads upon his nervous system. He has for years held an enviable position in the world of letters for his broad scholarship, especially in philosophy and Christian apologetics. He has held both the reverence and affection of the graduates of the college, and no man has enjoyed the profounder respect of the Christian public. His philosophical volumes and his admirable shorter essays will be his permanent monument. His release from the government of the institution will give him time, that he must have desired, to give the world, in permanent form, the further results of his life's studies.

The November *Magazine of American History* is an entertaining and valuable number. The "Wadsworth House at Genesee," by Frederic G. Mather, under the general title of "Historic Homes," is finely illustrated, the hand of George Gibson being traced in the full-page pictures of the mansion and its interiors. The portraits are also excellent. It will surprise the public to read of "Witchcraft in Illinois," but the paper of John H. Gunn speaks for itself. "The Burning of Washington in 1814," by Hon. Horatio King, is a graphic account of an interesting event in our history. The Civil War Studies comprise the series of General W. F. ("Baldy") Smith's series of papers on "The Campaign of 1861-1862 in Kentucky—As Developed through the Correspondence of its Leaders."

"A Ride with Sheridan," is by Dr. A. D. Rockwell, who was a surgeon in Sheridan's division of the army. The paper of Colonel Charles C. Jones, Jr., LL. D., C. S. A., entitled, "Bombas Demons and Capture of Fort McAlester," is a study of exceptional merit. Among the shorter articles is one from Col. W. L. Stone, pointing out the relics to be seen at the present time on the Saratoga battle field. Price, \$5 a year. 30 Lafayette Place, New York City.

We received an early copy of the admirable, inspiring and conciliatory address of Miss F. C. Willard, president of the National W. C. T. U., delivered at the opening of the annual meeting in Philadelphia, Oct. 30. It gives a broad survey of the work of the earnest women engaged in this brave campaign, referring to the numerous departments of the Union, educational and reformatory, the work through the press, in the churches, and by public services. She called for a new and significant pledge—"I promise, by God's grace, to say nothing discouraging about the work, and nothing disparaging about the workers. I would create a new era if it could be generally taken. We shall have a full report next week of the proceedings at the meeting."

While Dr. Long was speaking before the Methodist ministers a week since, some one asked him, what was the meaning of the disturbances in Serbia and Greece arising out of the union of Bulgaria and Roumelia? His answer was that it was "in obedience to a familiar Greek proverb—that a child which does not cry will fall to be nursed. Serbia and Greece lift up their voices when there is any threatening movement against the government of the Sultan, so that when the western powers come in to settle the trouble and to pacify the uneasy States, they may not be overlooked. They are simply crying for a piece of Turkey."

Rev. J. C. Stockbridge, D. D., is engaged upon the work of cataloguing the Harris Collection of American Poetry. This unique and valuable list of six thousand volumes was bequeathed to Brown University by the late Senator Anthony. Dr. Stockbridge is not simply preparing a catalogue of titles and authors, but is adding biographical and bibliographical notes. The work, when completed, will be one of great value. All libraries of any size will require it. Its price, in the cheapest form, will be \$5. The compiler will be glad to receive orders, which will secure early copies of the work when it has passed through the press.

It has been announced that the Episcopal churches of New York city were about to enter upon special services for the revival of spiritual life among them, and now we are glad to see that the Presbytery of New York, at a late session, has arranged a scheme of special evangelical services, embracing all its churches and chapels. Three or four points are to be selected each month as rallying places, whether the ministers and laymen will gather to engage in prayer, and to hold revival services. For the coming month, Dr. Hall's Church, the Brick Church, the Church of the Sea and Land, on Fifth Avenue, and Murray Hill with the lower portion of the city—and two chapels, are designated as the gathering places of Presbyterian Christians to pray and labor for a fresh and powerful outpouring of the Spirit. Our Methodist churches will not be behind in this remarkable movement. We trust Boston, also, will be the scene of a like experiment.

The New England *Journal of Education*—the leading organ of our New England public education—pays this well-deserved compliment to one of our Wesleyan boys, who has established a valuable educational bureau in this city:—

"The manager of the Boston Teachers' Agency (Rev. O. Fisk) is too well acquainted with New England schools to make anything less than a marked success in this country. He is not surprised to earn that he is serving not only a large number of schools here, but also sent excellent teachers to important positions in Brooklyn, Philadelphia, Washington, Cincinnati, and Chicago, and to colleges, academies, private and public schools in other cities, towns and villages of the West and South. Those well acquainted with Mr. Fisk will bear out in saying that his word can be relied upon at all times, under all circumstances, and that his judgment is sound and his advice is wise. We send good teachers for their schools and by teachers seeking good positions."

Reports of several preachers' meetings and the Lynn District Sunday-school Convention, with considerable church news, are unavoidably deferred till next week.

An Urgent Case.

Ms. Editor: Please allow me, in the briefest possible way, to lay on you before your readers. Our church edifice was thoroughly remodeled and put in perfect order during the pastorate of my predecessor, Rev. T. Gerrish. At an expense of \$13,000. His energy and success in raising money have been simply marvelous. The church edifice is a model for convenience, durability and beauty. We have a mortgage on it of \$4,500, principal and interest, \$500 per year, which we have nearly a week of precious time to help work up the subscription. Besides this, we will secure from his present charge (Biddford) more than one hundred dollars, if the whole amount can be secured. This is the condition upon which all our pledges are made. We have until Nov. 15 to finish this subscription. On Oct. 29 we were lacking \$975. On the evening of Friday we had \$975. On the evening of Saturday we secured \$425. Our church is weak financially, and cannot carry this load without being greatly crippled. We now lack \$548. Hon. Hiram Ruggles, a member of Union St. M. E. Church, has already given \$200, and is ready to give another \$100, if the other \$448 can be raised during the next fortnight. Our city has been well canvassed. Our own people are under a strain. And now in this crisis of our history we appeal to our friends abroad. If you can spare us a single dollar, please send it along, and soon, with the blessing of God, we will be in a condition to help other churches in similar emergencies, as this church has done many times in the past. We can possibly raise \$200 more at home; we will lift until our backs ache, and then we will lift again. Remittances can be made to the writer.

A. S. LADD,
Pastor of First M. E. Church, Bangor, Me.

History of Methodism in Maine. Some valuable documents relating to the early history of Methodism in this State have been received, but many preachers have not yet reported. They are again requested to see that a sketch of the history of the society under their care is prepared and forwarded by the first of January next.

It is our purpose to include in this History a brief historical sketch of every Methodist society in Maine; also sketches of the older preachers, and the Conference record of all the preachers from 1793 down to the present time; also sketches of local preachers and prominent laymen and women; so that the book may be a valuable repository of the historic facts of Maine Methodism.

Preachers of the two Conferences of Maine are earnestly requested to give prompt attention to this subject. Ministers and other per-

sons from Maine requested to furnish a list of historic facts of Maine Methodism. This work has been of peculiar importance, so far as the preservation of our history is concerned. All communications to Rev. S. A. Merrill, relating to Maine Conference, should be sent to H. Pillsbury, Bangor, Me.

P. S. If any of the writers of this History, Hill, Rev. Ph. Miller, after they will be greatly interested.

About 1700 Day and Evening for use on Orders for render it them by Oct. Next year this

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The Family.

HARVEST THOUGHTS.

BY REV. W. WIGNALL.

Before us spread in rich array
The fruits of earth in harvest day;
And in these blessings we may see
God's bounteous love to you and me.
The Lord hath with an open hand,
Upon our soil and favored land,
His blessing sent in large increase,
And plenty crowns the reign of peace.

Unseen by man through night and day,
In April's showers and blooming May,
In summer's months and autumn's heat,
God's eye hath watched man's needs to meet;
His hand a power hath ever been
In vine and field, that bring the glean
And gather in, from hill and plain,
The fruits of earth, the golden grain.

And shall we, Lord, Thy goodness see
In opening bud, in flower and tree,
In ripening ears, in golden grain,
In fruitful vines, and garnered grain,
And then withhold, O Lord, from Thee,
The grateful song, the joyful glee?
O tune our hearts in glad refrain
For fruitful vines and golden grain!

Let harvest thoughts our lips inspire,
And fill our souls with strong desire
To serve the Lord, to sing His praise
In songs of joy and thankful lays.
And when our work is done,
May we around the heavenly throne
Join in the song of harvest hum!

OUR CHURCH AND ITS MUSIC.

BY A MUTUAL FRIEND.

I want to call attention, especially that of our pastors, to the musical arrangements at our church in Temple St. of this city. They seem to me such as ought to be introduced into all our churches.

In the first place, there is a leader, a man of good taste and high character, who is a professional teacher. He conducts two rehearsals a week, in one of which he drills his choir, and as many others as choose to take part, in the music for the following Sabbath. This choir is composed entirely of young people connected with the church, who are willing to serve the church for the sake of the instruction that they thus obtain. The leader, who is at the same time the organist, is therefore the only one who receives any money for his services. What now is the result?

1. In the first place, good music. It is good because it is pleasant, without absorbing attention. A quartet, if it is good for anything, is apt to lead the mind away from the real object of the service by exciting other than the religious faculties. These young voices please, without suggesting criticism. One thinks, if one stops to think, while they are singing: "How fit such voices for the praise in which they are employed!"

It is good, too, because it is reasonably correct. The leader might easily occasion discords if he undertook to produce some pieces. He is wise enough to select good but simple things, and thorough enough to insist that they be well rendered.

I must not neglect to mention another element of the goodness here intended—variety. Musicians as a class are narrow. Few of them have any adequate idea of their own art. If such an one happens to lead a choir, he generally takes little pains to develop the powers of his choir or the taste of his church. Prof. Carter is not of this class. He knows that sacred music has many varieties. Besides anthems, therefore, he has the sense and courage to use chants, chorals, carols, etc. The effect is delightful. Why, when his young people sing one of the old English or German chorals, whose neglect is a disgrace to Christendom, it is as if the dead had really come to life.

2. A second result of the plan described is the musical education of the church.

The young people who belong to the choir are of course most benefited. They get a lesson or two a week from a good teacher at no direct expense to themselves, and without great sacrifice to anybody. They cannot fall in the end to become fair singers. They, also—and this is of quite as much consequence—acquire a taste for really good music, which will do much to keep them out of bad company.

Meanwhile the congregation is being similarly helped. If the plan is continued, there will, of course, come a time when those who now sing in it will retire from the choir. They will not, however, cease to sing at all. Their voices will be heard in the congregation, and thus the hymns will continually be better rendered.

3. I need hardly say that the attendance has improved with the improvement in the music. In the first place, the young people who belong to the choir, perhaps twenty in all, are of course regularly in their places. I may mistake, but I think that their fathers and mothers, brothers and sisters, come often to church since they had representatives in the choir. They want to hear their son or daughter, brother or sister, sing.

Strangers, too, who, when we had a male quartet growing to the tune of \$1,500 a year, seldom repeated their visits, now feel attracted to our place of worship.

The conclusion of the whole matter seems to me to be, that a church can save money and improve its music, all to the glory of God, by adding to its officers a teacher of music. If anybody doubts this, let him pay a visit to the First M. E. Church, and see for himself what can be done.

A salmon can no more be run without using up boys than a flourishing mill without wheat, or a saw-mill without logs. The only question is, whose boys—your boys or mine—our boys or our neighbors? Will you give your husbands and sons, or most other women give their husbands and sons, that the mill of rain may grind on? How long will Christian people sleep over these things?—*Christian Instructor.*

A STUDY IN NATURE.

BY MARK TRAFFORD.

Promptly as the day dawns in the glowing east commences our concert by the Bird family. No charge for reserved seats, or admission even. They seem to act on the grand gospel principle, "Freely ye have received, freely give." From copse and tree and martin-house bursts the full tide of joyous song, while my neighbor's Brahmas over the way roll out the sonorous bass, responded to in "trumpet obligato" by our noble house dog in the yard. In a stately evergreen in front of my room, a pair of redbreasts have, for two successive years, built their nest and reared their brood; and now I see they have returned, and are sitting in and out, seeming bewildered, and wondering why the trees around them are so bare of leaves.

But still they seem to have faith in the order of nature, and that spring, though tardy, will be along by and by. And so I see they have commenced to inspect and overhaul the old tenement, throwing out the decayed material, and examining the foundations; busy all through the day, the male doing the rougher work, bringing the coarse material which the future mother weaves into the expectant cradle, lining it with hair and soft mosses.

And now, after a few weeks, I can see four little heads above the rim of the nest, and all day the happy parents are engaged in filling the mouths with food, as they all open at once at the rustle of the returning wings. But how do these attentive providers know which has been lost? What unerring instinct governs them in this care and providence? Can they count? Do they discern one from another? Wonderful are the ways of God in nature!

But now they are rapidly growing, and the narrow quarters are becoming too strait for the little family, when one luckless day one of them was crowded out, and fell fluttering to the ground. Like a flash, out from the hedge sprang a cat, and seizing the poor birdie was gone. Oh, the clamor that followed, the notes of alarm, the cry of anguish, the shrieks of rage! All the robins in the vicinity came swooping on with answering cries. Poor things! I said to myself, you are not alone in your troubles and sorrows. Your family circle is broken up; nevertheless will the darling fill its place in the home-nest, or pipe its tiny notes as you sweep down upon the happy brood and throw over them the sheltering wing to shield them from the falling shower or the chilly night air. It is a sad episode in your brief summer life, a discordant note in your joyous song; yet so like our human life.

Some days have passed since the above was written. The rain is falling, and the cold east wind moans through the branches of the evergreens opposite my window. I look out through the driving mist into the nest of my wards. It is empty; all are gone, and the old birds are hopping from branch to branch, mournfully piping to each other in tones of mutual condolence; they are left alone.

A little more than a year ago, I had seen a young couple often passing my house, hand in hand, smiling and chatting with each other in the most affectionate manner. They are to be married soon, I am told, and even now are furnishing a cottage up the street a little distance from my house; "building a nest," said I to myself. It is but a repetition of the life of my poor robins. There is one law for all, and alas! one event.

So the days slipped past, and still the loving pair pursued their object. I saw the burdened wain pass and repass with loads of housekeeping material, until at last it was completed; the nest is finished; and with the warmest benedictions of friends the happy couple took possession of their cozy cottage.

And now, day by day, I see the little bride passing my windows on her way to meet her companion as he returns from the city whither his business calls him, and then, with their arms entwined around each other, they slowly retrace their steps back to the cosy nest yonder. Blissful hours of wedded love, the spring-time of life, the season of blossoming promise!

And so summer glided into autumn, and stern winter crowded aside the season of fruits and harvest, and of late I noticed the male bird of the pair, hurrying home alone in the gathering shadows of the long winter evenings; but I could see a bright light in the window yonder, which seemed to say, "I am waiting for you." A rich compensation is found now for the labors and perplexities of the day, in the pleasant room, the choice books, and the loving little wife in his arms, rehearsing the history of the day, after cooing in her work-basket a little something of needle-work which, through the day, had employed her busy fingers.

And now it is May again, and my robins have returned and reconstructed the old nest, and the mother bird sits there all through the day, while her companion kindly brings her food, cockles, and other delicacies, as I trust his bright eye to me, as I thrust my head out of the window, seeming to say, "Here we are again," with, it is to be hoped, no more a remembrance of the sad bereavement of the last year.

It is a beautiful, warm spring day, and the sun is sinking in the west yonder, and my robins are flying in and out supplying the supper for the four little gourmands in the nest outside, when a slight rattling calls my attention to the street, and looking up I see a little baby-wagon coming down the walk propelled by the lady of the cottage at the head of the way. She waves her handkerchief, and turning my eyes, I see the father coming with a rapid springing step, and meeting the mother with the baby, just where they used so often to meet a year ago as happy lovers. He stoops to kiss the mother and the child with all a father's pride and fondness, and then, with the happy wife hanging upon his arm, pushes the little carriage and its living treasure back to the home-nest. Happy father! Happier mother!

All the lavish tenderness of maternal instinct is now evident in acts of kind attention to the necessities of this new being, this unaided, helpless bird. To it is given the last thought at night, and the first of opening day.

And so day by day I watched that tiny coach with its kindly occupant pass my door, fancying the proud mother singing to herself the simple, touching song, "What will the baby be?" All around and above the heavens are cloudless, and give no sign of a coming storm; the future is bright with hope, as the present is full of joy. Well for us that the future is sealed to our anxious gaze!

A few weeks passed, and one morning, just as the day began to lighten the east, I heard the rapid, rhythmic beat of a horse's hoofs and the roll of wheels. Leaping up, and drawing the curtain, I caught a glimpse of the vehicle as it sped past, and recognized the village doctor. I saw him drive up to the cottage, throw out the hitch-weight, and run into the house. In the afternoon he drove up again, but it was all over; the bird was gone, snatched by the dark destroyer, while the silent parents stretch out in vain their hands toward the fleeing shadow, relentless as death.

And when, two days after, I saw the train of mourners leaving the now desolate home, I bitterly thought of my robin's nest of the preceding summer, and into my mind came the words of the poet,—

"There is no flock however watched and tended,
But one dead lamb is there."

SUMMER'S DECAY.

When my first roses shed
Their petals, and lay dead,
I knew my first day
Had sunk at my sweet day
Of summer breath and bloom.
I saw the kisel of doom
In the soft sighing breeze
That scattered their dead leaves.

And then and there I seemed
To see and one who dreamed
A sweet procession pass
Across the fragrant grass—
Sweet ghosts of the dead flowers
That bloomed in last year's hours.
And safely at the head,
I did in white and red,
Shedding their dewy scent,
My first day and my first night.

And following after steps
My life, who had kept
Their garments white as snow,
While their warm hearts did glow
With all the golden fire
That summer suns inspire.

All blooms and blossoms fair
Followed as I followed there,
Until I beheld the dead
White as the stars, and cold,
My pale cythereanum pass;
And then I knew, alas!
The end had come, and knew,
While still the warm winds blew,
My darlings of the day.

Like this we were on our way
To join the ghostly throng;
Like this would move along,
Pale visions, dew and rain,
To haunt another year,
Shuddering, I moaned and wept,
And in that moment crept
Shadows of storm and night
Across the sunlit light.

"What is my summer pride?"
Moaning, I wept and cried,
"Why do I love my way,
If not for the sweet day,
And suddenly I heard
And my bought a bird
Lifting a heavenly voice,
"Rejoice, and yet rejoice,"
He sang, and sang again:
"Out of this earth-bound pair,
Out of this dead dream,
I lift my heavenly air,
Higher and higher still,
Sweet with a sweeter thrill,
Lifted that heavenly song,
Borne on its wings alone,
I saw the bloom and birth
Of the new heaven and earth,
The new vision, dew and rain,
Sweet with a sweeter thrill,
Lifted that heavenly song,
Borne on its wings alone,
I saw the bloom and birth
Of the new heaven and earth,
The new vision, dew and rain,
Sweet with a sweeter thrill,

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Lifted that heavenly song,
Borne on its wings alone,
I saw the bloom and birth
Of the new heaven and earth,
The new vision, dew and rain,
Sweet with a sweeter thrill,

"No more I love, I love,
No more I love, I love,
No more I love, I love,
No more I love, I love,
No more I love, I love,
No more I love, I love,
No more I love, I love,
No more I love, I love,
No more I love, I love,
No more I love, I love,

—NORA PERCY, in *Harper's Magazine*, for November.

"KEEP CLOSE TO THE ROCK."

BY IDA M. BUNTON.

How few of the people who frequent the beautiful Catskill region see God in the scenery about them! The car wound its way up the mountain-side through a wonder-land of beauty, where all nature preached so eloquently the power and wisdom of the Father, where "sermons in trees and stones," appealed to the soul as no words could, yet many a heart was deaf and dumb. The car was crowded with pleasure-seekers, the majority of whom pronounced every peak "splendid," each stream "too lovely," and discussed the various views in the same critical tone they would use in speaking of the latest style in fashions. Glad were we to escape from them, and seek a quiet nook where the "mountain wall was piled to heaven." We stood on the pavilion overlooking Katerskill Falls. Our lips were silent, but the heart uttered an exclamation of reverent delight. It is the lesson I learned there that I wish to tell you, hoping it may be the nail which will fasten a like truth in the minds of other young people.

After viewing the falls from the pavilion, we descended to the bottom of the Upper Falls and found that this portion of the mountain hollows like a huge basin, or amphitheatre, as it is called; and winding around this is a path, the rock on one side, a sharp slope on the other, and overhung by a cliff which is seventy feet wide in some places.

"We will take this path to the other side," said the friend who acted as guide. "But," I returned hesitatingly, "the path looks very narrow; that descent on the right is steep; the bank is composed of crumbling earth, and a misstep means a fall into that cavern where the water is leaping and dashing from one rock to another."

"Don't be afraid," was the answer; "keep close to the rock, and you're all right." So we took the path, walking carefully, sometimes with inclined heads where the cliff was low, around the rocky amphitheatre, part of the way the water pouring down from above, and dashing and tumbling below.

That remark I shall never forget. That which leads us to the "other side" is a "narrow path." Sometimes be-

cause of grief and trouble we walk with bowed heads, conscious that earthly footing is insecure, that a misstep plunges us into the abyss of destruction; but have no fear; the Rock of Ages is there! "Keep close to that Rock, and you're all right."

Woonsocket, R. I.

PHIL'S OFFERING.

BY KATE SUMNER GATES.

Everybody in town liked him, and was proud of him. "A smart young fellow, the world will hear from him yet," said one and another, nodding approvingly as they met him. "He will make his mark in the world, you see if he don't."

"There's only just one thing to hinder," said Joe Graham, his chum and best friend. "Phil is a little too smart for his own good, according to my way of thinking; and if he doesn't look out pretty sharp, he will find a shoal or two ahead of him in the end."

But Phil only laughed when Joe intimated anything of the kind to him; he felt so sure of himself and his capabilities. Why, there wasn't a boy in the academy that could make such brilliant recitations as he, and he never spent half the time preparing them that the rest did! To be sure, upon close examination some of the boys whom Phil secretly rather looked down upon as "pokey," had really come out ahead of him because they had gone to the root of the matter and thoroughly mastered the subject, while he had only skimmed on the surface of it. Joe's warnings had come to him at such times, and he had been troubled with faint misgivings lest after all there was some truth in them. But as such thoughts were uncomfortable, he always shook them off as quickly as possible, resolving, however, to be more thorough himself in the future.

But there was always so much to attend to, and after all one did not get caught very often, and before Phil knew it, he had forgotten all about his resolve.

But when he was sixteen he gave himself to Christ. He was thoroughly sincere in the consecration, and made many an earnest resolve to be faithful in working for the Master. But he forgot that he could glorify God just as truly in doing his every-day work and duties faithfully as in attending church services, so it came to pass that while his place was never vacant in church, and he never failed to take part in the young people's meeting, his lessons were but poorly prepared, and sometimes were positive failures.

Joe Graham watched him in silent disapproval. "Phil's either making a mistake, or else there ain't anything to it. I don't believe in a religion that approves of wasting talents like his," he said to himself. "Going to meeting and making prayers are all well enough, but somehow I'd have more faith in and respect for it if it made Phil get his lessons thoroughly and do his work faithfully. Bah! His father sent him to mend a piece of fence the other day, and he actually didn't half do it, he was in such a hurry to get off to meeting. He said it would do well enough, but a mosquito could have knocked it over, and not exerted itself either. As for school, he is just wasting his time there; it's a shame, I say."

In the meantime Phil was longing to have Joe with him in this as they had been for years in everything else. It was so hard not to be able to appeal to him for sympathy and counsel, and many an earnest prayer went up for his heart for his friend. He tried time and again to plead with Joe, but somehow, do his best, he could never get a chance to say a word on the subject.

He felt a little hurt over it, and one night as they were going home together, he resolved that he would speak any way. Perhaps Joe guessed his purpose, for he talked incessantly of the most nonsensical things. Phil could not help laughing, but he would not be bluffed in that manner.

"I say, Joe," he said, interrupting him finally, "I just save your nonsense awhile. I want a little talk with you. I want you with me, Joe. Won't you give yourself to Christ? Can't we try to serve Him together?"

Joe walked on a few steps in silence, then he whistled a bar or two of "Sweet Home."

"You say that you have given yourself to Christ, do you?" he said presently.

"Yes," answered Phil. "Won't you do the same?"

"I always supposed that when we gave away anything, we took special pains with it. I remember when you made that bracket for Miss Gardner you fussed over it more than a little to have it perfectly true. I don't exactly understand you now, Phil."

"And I am sure that I do not understand you," responded Phil rather stiffly. He was quite sure that Joe was finding fault with him, though he did not really see how, and he had a chronic dislike to being found fault with in anything.

He felt very uncomfortable; he had seemed to him that the gift of himself was a great deal. Could it be possible that Joe was right? He remembered how much praise he had taken with that bracket for Miss Gardner; he would never have offered her anything that was not done the very best that he could do it; and yet he was taking no particular pains with the self he had given to God. He knew very well that he was not making half what he might of himself. It came over him as never before how little he was really making of himself.

It was a new idea to him, and not a very comfortable one, for he liked to feel that he, and whatever he did, was about right, but before he went to bed that night, he knelt down by the bedside and humbly prayed for help to make his offering as perfect in all ways as possible.

Joe nodded approvingly several times as Phil during the next two or three days had called Phil closely, and when one night Phil came to him he met him with outstretched hands.

"Oh, Joe, I am so glad that you spoke to me so; and, God helping me, I will make the most of myself after this, though the best is poor enough; but somehow I had never looked at it so before."

"All right, old fellow," responded Joe. "I knew that you would be if you only thought of it, and—I guess—we'll try together after this."

THE OLD HOME.

"Return, return," the voices cried,
"To your old valley, away;
For softly on the river tide
The tender lights and shadows play;
And all the banks are gay with flowers,
And all the hills are sweet with thyme;
Ye cannot find such bloom as ours
In your bright foreign clime!"

And still "Return, return," they sang,
"With us abide eternal calm;
In these old fields, where you were young,
We will the heart's ease and balm;
For us the flocks and herds increase,
And children play around our feet;
And the sun goes down in peace—
Return, for rest is sweet."

For me, I thought, the olives grow,
The sun lies warm upon the vine;
And yet I will arise and go
To that dear valley dim with pines.
Old loves are dwelling there, I said,
Untroubled by years of change and pain;
Old faiths, that I had counted dead,
Shall rise and live again.

Then I arose and crossed the sea,
And sought that land of younger days;
No love of old was left to me
(For love has wings and seldom stays);
But there were graves upon the hill,
And sad shadows shrouded on the sod;
And low winds breathed, "Peace, be still;
Lost things are found in God."

—Sarah Doubney.

THE PALACE OF SIN.

A NOVEL ILLUSTRATION FROM ONE OF SAM JONES' SERMONS.

Once, when I was stepping free and lost to all sense of accountability, the devil took me by the hand and led me up into a large, capacious palace. I looked around at the magnificence and splendor of that palace; the beautiful, flowered carpets; the clear, rounded windows; the lovely pictures on the wall; the chair of ease, the table of pleasure, and the sofa of contentment; and as I looked around and around at all this display of comforts, the devil said to me: "If you will follow me all this is yours." I looked around again; I viewed the situation, and then said: "Well, if all this is mine, what do I care for God and heaven and everlasting life?" And I took possession.

I walked out of there one day, and when I came back somebody had taken my chair of ease. Somehow or another I never felt so easy in there afterwards as I did before. I came back another day, and somebody had taken out my sofa of contentment, and I never was well-contented in there after that—I "I'm very busy." Little Joe (tricked): "I please, sir, me madder send me for a pound of cheese, but if you are very busy you can give only half a pound."

"Did not the sight of the boundless sea, looking on the white-winged fleets of commerce, lift you with emotion?" "Yes," replied the traveler, "at first it did, but after a while it didn't fill me with anything."

A collection was taken up in one of our churches recently, and when the box reached the seat occupied by a lady, her daughter, and the son, the ladies found themselves without a cent; but the young America reached over and deposited a cent in the box, and then whispered to his sister: "That's the way; I saved this family from being white-washed."

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HEREAFTER.

BY LOUISE M. DORN.

Not now, my child, not now.
The seed in cold, damp ground
When buried, knows not how
New life shall hence be found.
And strength and grace and beauty,
All met in line with duty.

Hereafter thou shalt know,
What now thou guessest not,
Of love's abounding flow,
And purpose richly fraught
With grace for thee sufficient,
Bestowed by Power Omnipotent.

Then rest not though thy way
In darkness seem to lie;
The fullness of the day
Shall break upon thine eye
When then, cloud-bomb a season,
Unbound, cast grasp My reason.

Hereafter: Only wait
Till, all the secret read,
Each line shall vindicate
God's ways, and radiance spread
O'er all the illumined story
Of mortal led to glory.
Raleigh, N. C.

The Little Folks.

BEGINNING OF A JOHNNY-CAKE.

John Spicer, in his lecture in *Wide Awake*, says:—

"Once I heard a story of a girl, quite small one, that wanted to begin at the beginning and make a Johnny-cake. How does it begin? Her mother said, 'If you want to begin at the beginning you must go into the kitchen and begin it with meal.' She went to the kitchen and said to Bridget, 'Does a Johnny-cake begin here? I want to begin at the beginning and make a Johnny-cake.' Please give me some meal.' Bridget said, 'If you want to begin at the beginning and make a Johnny-cake you must go to the grocer's. Meal comes from the grocer's.' She went to the grocer's and said to him, 'Does a Johnny-cake begin here? I want to begin at the beginning and make a Johnny-cake.' The grocer said, 'If you want to begin at the beginning you must go yonder to the miller's. My meal comes to me from the miller's.' She went yonder to the miller's and said to him, 'Does a Johnny-cake begin here? I want to begin at the beginning and make a Johnny-cake.' The miller said, 'If you want to begin at the beginning you must run over the fields to the farmer's. The farmer brings corn to the mill, my mill grinds it into meal for the grocer, the grocer sells meal to people living in houses, and people living in houses make the meal into Johnny-cakes.' She ran over the fields to the farmer's and said to him, 'Does a Johnny-cake begin here? I want to begin at the beginning and make a Johnny-cake.' The farmer said, 'The beginning was last spring when I planted my corn. When the snow had all melted away I planted my corn. From the second spring seed corn. All summer these grew and grew, taller and taller and taller, and when summer was over there were gathered from them bushels of corn. I sell these to the miller; the miller grinds it to meal and sells the meal to the grocer; the grocer sells the meal to the people, and the people make it into Johnny-cakes. But you see if you begin at the beginning, it takes all summer to make a Johnny-cake. If I want to begin at the beginning, come, next spring and plant some seed corn.'

"The story did not tell me if the girl went in the spring to plant some seed corn. My big sister says even that would not be beginning at the beginning, for she says that the seed-corn that you plant had to be grown somewhere."

This is as little as the John Spicer story, and as little as the girl in her search; but you can see that we might go back and back through successive harvests seeking for the beginning. We should not find it anywhere until we came to that time told of in the first chapter of the first book of the Bible, which says: "In the beginning God created the heaven and the earth. . . . And God said, 'Let the earth bring forth grass, the herb yielding seed, and the fruit-tree yielding fruit after his kind, whose seed is in itself, upon the earth; and it was so.'" (Gen. 1:1, 11.)—*Presbyterian.*

For Young and Old.

BITS OF FUN.

.... Scarce stationary has been introduced, but will not be popular. Who wants a letter before it is written?

.... Grocer: "Half a pound of tea? Which will you have, black or green?" "Neither." "Share, either will do. It's for an old woman that's nearly blind."

.... Customer (entering unexpectedly): "So, sir, I've caught you putting water in the milk." "Milkman: "Yes—er—no; that is, I'm only washing it. You don't 'pose I'm going to serve my customers with dirty milk, do you?"

.... A man objected to the preaching of his pastor on the ground that it was "too sentimental." "Sad, his friend: "You surprise me last charge I should expect to hear brought against him." "But it is true. He uses six times as many sentences to express his ideas as you would!"

.... Grocer (in great haste): "Well, little fellow, what can I do for you? Be quick, now. I'm very busy." "Little Joe (tricked): "I please, sir, me madder send me for a pound of cheese, but if you are very busy you can give only half a pound."

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Bits of Thought.

.... Duties are the education for eternity, which is endless duty. Our pleasures are in exact proportion to our duties.—*Norman Macleod.*

